

THE BOURBON NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY IN THE YEAR.

VOLUME XXVII

PARIS, KENTUCKY. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1907.

NUMBER 65

Hon. A. E. Willson Here Today.

The Republicans have been busy working up a big crowd for the blow-out here today. Hon. Augustus E. Willson will arrive this morning at 7:45 from Flemingsburg and will be met at the depot by a reception committee headed by the Elks Band and Postmaster J. L. Earlywine. He will be escorted to the Windsor Hotel, where he will be extended a public reception between the hours of 10 to 12 o'clock. At 2 o'clock p. m. he will speak at the court house. A large crowd is expected by the Republicans. They have secured half rate from Lexington over the Interurban.

Wealthy Farmer Shot.

James Pates, a wealthy farmer of Woodford county, was shot by an unknown party while going to Versailles on the 9 o'clock interurban car Saturday.

The shooting took place about four miles out of Versailles and Chief of Police Buntin and several deputies, of that city left in buggies to locate the miscreants.

A detective from Lexington left on a special car for the place, as shooting into a car is a serious offense. The party has not been located.

Press Association.

Lew B. Brown, president of the Kentucky Press Association and chairman of Kentucky Day at the State Fair, has called a meeting of the Press Association at the Seelbach Hotel in Louisville on Thursday, September 19, at 12 o'clock, noon. The meeting will be an important one, as reports will be made pertaining to the progress along the line of the proposed legislation regarding the new libel laws and other legislation in the interests of the newspapers of the State.

President Brown has received favorable replies to over two hundred invitations sent out to the newspapers of the State to be present on Kentucky Day.

Carlisle Wins Rate Fight.

Several weeks ago H. B. Bryson, of Carlisle, filed charges with the Railroad Commissioner of the Third Railroad District, of this State, charging that there was an unjust discrimination being made against Carlisle in freight rates, the freight rates from Jellico, Tenn., to Carlisle, a distance of one hundred and thirty miles, being less than the freight rate on coal from Maysville to Carlisle, on the same road and only a distance of thirty-three miles.

The Railroad Commission has investigated the charges and has reduced the rate from Maysville to Carlisle from \$1.45 to \$1.15.

Death of Estimable Woman.

Mrs. Lucy Ellen Rose, nee Coivin, died at her home on Lillington avenue, Thursday after a lingering illness, aged 70 years.

At the age of 16 she united with the Methodist church and had led a consistent Christian life. She was married in 1856 to Isaac Rose and to the union ten children were born, eight of whom survive as follows: Mrs. Carrie Curran, of Cynthia, William Rose, George Rose, Dudley Rose, Mrs. Sylvester Garrison, Mrs. Fred Garrison, Mrs. Tilford Burnett, and Mrs. J. R. Johnson, all of Bourbon. The funeral services took place Saturday from Mt. Pleasant Methodist church in Harrison county. The interment at Mt. Pleasant cemetery.

Real Estate Transfers.

The lands and personal property of the late G. W. Rash, of North Middletown, this county, have been divided among the heirs as shown by deeds filed Friday in the office of the clerk of the county court and are styled as follows: G. W. Rash's heirs to Charles C. Rash, 192 acres; same to M. J. Rash, 165 acres and house and lot in North Middletown; same to Marie R. Morris, 84 acres; same to B. W. Rash, 100 acres; same Margaret R. Cook, 74½ acres; same to M. E. Rash, 74½ acres; same to Nettie L. Kimbrough, 50 acres and a certain lot of land on the West side of Jefferson street in Lexington, Ky.; same to E. F. Rash, whose interest is represented by personal property.

Other deeds filed of record were: Mary F. Howe to Noah Winston, house and lot on McGinty Division, consideration \$725.

William Darnall to Mary F. Howe, house and parcel of ground on Lillington Avenue, \$750.

Good Rule Adopted.

By a unanimous vote of the State Racing Commission which met at Lexington Saturday, a rule was passed prohibiting bookmakers from racing horses partly or wholly owned by them on race tracks in Kentucky when they make a book on the same track. The Commission also passed a rule prohibiting a jockey under contract to ride for any other person except his employer in a race in which his employer has a horse to start.

Churchill Downs was granted dates from October 16 to November 2 inclusive, and the case of Tommy Taylor the suspended jockey, was referred to Judge E. C. Hopper for consideration before the Commission will act on it. Such was the brief but important work done by the State Racing Commission in their meeting.

There was a full meeting every member being present. Col. E. F. Clay was congratulated and warmly received by his colleagues for his recovery from this serious illness.

Col. E. F. Clay was the author of the above new rule adopted by the Commission.

Reunion of "Orphan Brigade."

With the object of purchasing and preserving as a national park the birth place of Jefferson Davis, in Fairchild, Todd county, Kentucky, a movement was set on foot at the annual reunion of the Orphan Brigade, held Friday at Glasgow. A resolution calling for the formation of the Jefferson Davis Kentucky Home Association was offered by Gen. Simon Boliver Buckner and was unanimously adopted. A committee was appointed to inspect the property, secure an option and take the necessary steps toward the formation of the organization and raising the money. A meeting will be held in Louisville in the next few days to formulate plans of procedure. Though but few members of the famous brigade survive, the reunion was a great success. Capt. John H. Weller, of Louisville, was chosen president.

Preacher to Be Married.

Announcement is made at Shelbyville of the engagement of Miss Lucy Taylor, of Rochester, N. Y., and the Rev. Robert Stuart Sanders, who is a native of Shelbyville, and now pastor of the Presbyterian church of Millersburg, Ky. The wedding will take place October 23 in the historic Walnut Hill Presbyterian church at Pine Grove, Ky., of which the Rev. Mr. Sanders was at one time pastor. Miss Taylor is an exceedingly attractive and popular young lady and has filled the position of teacher of art in Caldwell College, at Danville, Ky. Mr. Sanders is a graduate of the Louisville Presbyterian Theological Seminary and until the last of August was pastor of the Flora Heights Presbyterian church, of Louisville, when he resigned to accept a call to Millersburg.

Miss Taylor is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Taylor, formerly of this city, and granddaughter of the late James Hall, of Bourbon County.

BIRTHS.

Congratulations are in order upon the arrival Saturday of a fine boy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Webber, nee Corinne Kenney, at their home near town.

Made Trustee.

Samuel K. Veatch, of Carlisle, Grand Master of the Masonic Lodge of Kentucky, has just been made one of the Trustees of Caldwell College at Danville. He is one of the best known men in the State and will add strength to that growing institution.

Had Him in Wrong Pew.

Dr. E. L. Stevens says he wants it understood that he is not a member of the Republican reception committee today, as has been published in local papers. He is dyed-in-the-wool Democrat and cannot imagine how such a mistake could have been made.

Republican Nerve.

Hon. J. Hal Woodford while a member of the last Legislature was classed with the anti-administration members, and the Republicans here had the nerve to think it would be dead easy to get him to enter into a deal whereby he would refuse to vote for Beckham for U. S. Senator provided he was given a walkover by them in November. They were slightly mistaken in the man, and in a very emphatic manner told them he would wade through—well, never mind where—to get to Frankfort, if necessary, to cast his vote for Beckham for the Senate.

The nerve of these Republicans is something astounding, when they try to get a Democrat like Mr. Woodford to sulk.

Millersburg Military Institute.

Millersburg Military Institute opens Wednesday, September 11th. Tuition and Board \$300. Address or call on MAJ. C. M. BEST, Principal, aug27-1mo Millersburg, Ky.

At the Grand.

The Hutton-Bailey Company opened a weeks' engagement at the Grand last night. The house was packed to the doors. "The Russian Nihilist," was the play and judging from the loud and frequent applause, the audience was well pleased.

The company is far above the average stock company and everything made a hit—the play, the specialties and the actors. In attending their performances one can feel perfectly sure of not seeing any old worn-out play under a new title. All their plays are royalty bills and no other company has a right to play them in this territory, so you are sure of seeing something entirely new.

Tonight the company will be seen in "The Little Princess," with Little Bernice in the title role. There will be an entire change of specialties and moving pictures.

NEW FALL JEWELRY.

Just received an elegant line of Fall Jewelry, including all the latest novelties of the season. It will pay you to call and look over these beautiful goods.

3-21 SHIRE & FITHIAN.

Telephone
Batterton & Doty for
Everything Good
to Eat.

Present City Administration.

After the regular run of business at the Council meeting Thursday evening, Mayor James O'Brien called the attention of the members of the Council to the City primary called for October 16 to nominate candidates for Councilmen. He spoke of the harmonious manner in which the present city administration had worked together in every department, and that he hoped each of them would stand for re-election. While no expression was made by any of the Councilmen, yet it is generally understood that each of them will stand for re-election, and we have heard of no opposition to them so far.

Under the present city administration Paris has certainly come to the front. It is the best paved fourth class city in Kentucky. During the past summer over two miles of sewerage has been put in, giving us a first-class sewer system, and we might name many more of the improvements, but lack of space forbids in this issue, suffice to say that in every respect Paris stands at the head of fourth-class cities in our State.

Paris to Lose Good Citizen.

Fletcher Mann, of the firm of Mann & Clark, of this city, dealers in mules and horses has purchased the interest of Mr. Carithers, of the well-known firm of Carithers & Baird, of Lexington, and will move with his family to Lexington to reside as soon as the business of Mann & Clark can be wound up.

"Squire Mann is a member of the Bourbon Fictal Court, and one of our best citizens, a man of the highest business integrity. His loss to this community will be a gain to the business interests of Lexington."

Had Two Wives.

C. Stanfield, a confessed bigamist, who married Miss Agnes Taylor in Lexington at a medicine show last year, has been sentenced to four years in the penitentiary by the Harrison Circuit Court. Stanfield married Miss Lena Rogers at Conelville, Harrison county, on July 22. He deserted his first wife shortly after his marriage and disappearing, was not heard of until his marriage with Miss Rogers was published. The parents of his first wife swore out warrants charging him with bigamy. He confessed and no witnesses were examined.

Rev. Strother Returns to Paris.

Rev. J. P. Strother was returned to the Paris Methodist church by Bishop Morrison at Frankfort, yesterday, much to the delight of not only his flock, but to the people of all denominations in Paris.

Presiding Elder E. G. B. Mann, formerly of this city, was sent to the Hill street Methodist church at Lexington.

Rev. J. O. Vaught is the new presiding Elder for this district.

Kentucky Free From Debt.

State Auditor Hager Friday took in and canceled the last evidence of bonded obligation of the Commonwealth, the sum of \$25,000.

The bond was one of \$500,000 worth issued by the State under the administration of Governor Bradley, 1896 to 1900, by the act of the General Assembly to meet outstanding indebtedness. It contains the names of former Governor William O. Bradley and former Secretary of State Finley. The officials have sought several times to locate the bond as the State was desirous of paying it.

To Mammoth Cave.

Lowest rate ever named, \$12.65 from all stations on the Lexington, Paris and Maysville branches, September 24th. This amount will include the railroad fare, also board at Cave Hotel from arrival for supper until after breakfast morning of the third day, also the large and short routes through the Cave, including a special side trip to see the ruins of Karnak, or the great Mammoth Dome. Through coach on regular morning train. See L. & N. agent.

See Sherman Stivers for further information. 30-6-13-20

Sliced
"Partridge Brand"
Ham and Bacon.
Batterton & Doty.

BARGAINS IN NECESSITIES.

To reduce our stock of gas stoves, we will sell every stove in our house to less than cost during the next 15 days.

PARIS GAS LIGHT CO.,
Incorporated.

Both Telephones.
Try Batterton & Doty
For Prompt Delivery.

Announcement.

We Invite Your Most Careful Inspection of
Our Fall and Winter Styles for the
Season of 1907-08.

Our persistent efforts in getting the best Fabrics, Styles
Workmanship and Fit are portrayed in our Beautiful
collection of Men's High-Grade
Clothes—Ready-to-Wear.

Fall Hats.

Dunlap Soft and Stiff, Stetson and Carlton
English Hats.

Fall Shoes.

Dunlap Shoes \$5 to \$7; Dr. Reed's Cushion Shoe \$5;
"Korrek Shape" Shoes \$3.50 and \$4,
and Smith's Water-proof Hunting Shoes \$5 to \$8.

C. R. JAMES, Head To Foot Outfitter, Paris.

FRANK & CO.,

THE LADIES STORE.

Fall and Winter
Now Ready For Your
Inspection.

Ladies' and Misses' Suits,
Separate Skirts,
Silk and Wash Waists,
Silk and Cotton Petticoats,
Cloaks for Ladies, Misses and Children.

Special Attention

is called to our first complete
showing of latest styles in high-
grade Millinery for Ladies and
Misses; also a complete line of Caps for Children

Shoes.

We are showing all the latest shapes in

Ladies and
Childrens
Shoes.

Give us a look before making your purchases
for Fall and Winter.

FRANK & COMPANY

Agent Ladies' Home Journal Patterns.

TWIN BROTHERS.

Come to the Big Bargain Sale

Commencing July 9th [to 25th,
atTWIN BROTHERS'
Big Department Store,Big Dry Goods, Shoes, Millinery Carpet Departments.
701 Corner Main and 7th Sts., PARIS, KY.

TWIN BROS.,

703 Main Street,

An Invitation

Come in and Inspect Our New Line of

Spring Clothing,
W. L. DOUGLAS

\$2.50, 3.00, 3.50

Men's Shoes.

TWIN BROS. CLOTHING AND SHOE STORE,
703 Main St., Next to Fee's Grocery.

Paris-Cincinnati Excursion

Sunday,
Sept. 22d.Leave Paris, Ky., 7:50 a. m.
Leave Cincinnati 8:30 p. m.
from 4th street station.Fare \$1.50
Round TripBASEBALL:
ZOO.Broxy rides to the Hill Tops.
Matinee at Theaters.W. H. HARRIS, Agent,
D. S. JORDAN, T. A.EXCURSION TO
NATURAL BRIDGE, KY.,
SUNDAY
September 29,
\$1.50 ROUND TRIP.FOREST THOMAS.
CHARLES THOMAS.

THOMAS BROS

Cleaning and Pressing of
Men's and Ladies'
Clothes.Special Attention Given to
Ladies' Work.

French Dry Cleaning.

704 Main St.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

BOTH 'PHONES, 124. NO. 320 MAIN STREET.

SWIFT CHAMP. - - EDITOR AND OWNER.

(Entered at the Paris, Kentucky, Postoffice as Second-class Mail Matter.)

Established in 1881—26 Years of Continuous Publication

Display advertisements, \$1.00 per inch for first time; 50 cents per inch
each subsequent insertion; reading notices, 10 cents per line each issue;
reading notices in black type, 20 cents per line each issue; cards of thanks,
calls on candidates and similar matter, 10 cents per line.
Special rates for big advertisements.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

ONE YEAR, - - - \$2.00 | SIX MONTHS, - - - \$1.00
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.Evidence That Trusts Control the
Republican Congress.

Uncle Joe Cannon virtually tells the Republican leaders they are in a tight place and that unless Congress "is actuated by calmness and patriotism" the party will be defeated in the coming national election. The burden of Uncle Joe's song in that the country is prosperous and there is no uneasiness anywhere except in Wall Street, and, therefore, "it would be a crime if Congress should do anything at this time to upset business." That is another way of saying continue to standpat and let well enough alone—the old Hanna cry of bygone years. Uncle Joe likewise warns President Roosevelt to keep to the standpat path when he also said: "The destinies of the party lie very largely in the hands of Congress and the or-ordinate hands of the Government, the Executive." Will President Roosevelt standpat at the bidding of the protected trusts? which Speaker Cannon has so faithfully served, especially the Steel Trust, by packing the Ways and Means Committee with standpaters. Moody's Magazine, a reliable New York financial journal, which as the faculty of telling the truth about trusts and corporations speaking of the Steel Trust in its August number said: "If the steel corporation really were as protectionists assume, a struggling infant industry that could not survive long without tariff pap, and if the good people of this country were generous, kind and foolish enough to vote this tariff tax of \$80,000,000 a year upon themselves, there would be no ground for criticism or complaint. If the steel corporation officials would even confine their tariff activity to arguments and to contributions to political parties, they would not be censurable to any great extent. But when these officials, by some means, gain control of the leaders of the ways and means committee and the house of representatives, and use their influence to suppress discussion of the tariff, they are playing the tariff game unfairly.

The writer was known, for years, that the officials of the steel corporation were dictating standpatism to the ways and means committee. He has seen letters from steel corporation officials to members of this committee, advising them not to touch the tariff on any pretext. Some of these letters are now beginning to see the light of day, or at least to be discussed in daylight.

The evidence that the Republican leaders in Congress have all been tied up to this policy of protecting the Steel Trusts and other tariff protected trusts is overwhelming, otherwise they would select a speaker who would, at least, appoint a Ways and Means Committee which would consider tariff revision. It is also as certain as anything in the future can be, that the Republican leaders will re-elect Speaker Cannon, knowing that he will again prevent tariff consideration, and that President Roosevelt will endorse that selection by making no recommendation to Congress for tariff reform and must, therefore, also be numbered amongst the standpaters. Thus the gigantic Steel Trust has the American people by the throat, and their representatives and their President look calm on while their pockets are picked by that enterprising corporation and the other tariff protected trusts.

The Republican plan of hauling a trust into court and charging up a gigantic fine against it, is spectacular, but even if the trust eventually has to pay the fine, the consumers of its products have to pay it in the end, as long as the trust is protected from competition by the tariff.

Don't Want to Tell.

The battleships are to sail for the Pacific coast on December 15th. The trip will cost hundreds of thousands of dollars for extra coal and colliers to carry it. What good it will do to send all the battleships on his long cruise is a conundrum that only the Administration can solve. The Demonstration was first arranged as an answer to the warlike talk of the Japanese, but as peace and good will prevail with that country three now must be some other reason that President Roosevelt does not wish to divulge.

Something Federal.

A great many persons and a great many cities want something Federal. The persons want postoffices, judge-ships, receiverships, and other offices. The cities usually want public buildings, harbor improvements, etc. Now comes Butte, Montana, with a new Federal idea. It wants a Federal lawn. Some day we shall have people crying for a Federal backyard, or a Federal kitchen garden. There is no end to this longing for something at the expense of Uncle Sam. And herein lies President Roosevelt's power, not in his statesmanship.

Trust-Breeding Prosperity.

Henry Clews now thinks that the world boom has burst. We told our readers the same thing last January, and have many times since reiterated that view. One-sided trust-breeding prosperity, which pauperizes the masses and creates millionaires who are specially favored by law, cannot last long. And when it collapses, the whole world groans. It is like a sinful life, to which death is always a catastrophe. Far better is that moderate well-doing which Democracy assures, and which infits end, as in its progress, is like a virtuous life.

In Oklahoma.

The first election in the new State of Oklahoma will be held to-day. The Democrats of the new state offer a ticket made up of splendid men who are standing upon a platform that means something to the people. The Republicans are opposing the adoption of the new state constitution, the only objection to it being that it confers too many powers upon the people themselves and restricts the opportunities of trusts and corporations to exploit the people. Secretary Taft opposed its adoption, one ground being that it conferred the right of trial by jury in a license of contempt arising from the violation of injunctions. Naturally enough the corporations, and especially the transportation companies oppose the constitution because of this provision, and because of the further provision that it confers upon the people the right to protect themselves against the encroachments of the corporations. The Republican leaders are opposing the adoption of the constitution because its adoption means an end to the territorial government which has afforded them such rich political picking. The Democrats have taken the people into their confidence and have waged an open fight based upon the plain statement of Democratic principles, and they are confident of success.

Reassured.

The Wall Street Journal says: "Wall street should not forget that Taft is really the president's candidate for the presidential succession, and that he is the inheritor of the President's policy. Nevertheless Taft is Taft, and not Roosevelt, and his treatment of the Roosevelt policies will be Taft-wise, and not Roosevelt-wise. That is the only difference."

A few days later Wall Street read in the New York World's report of an interview with John D. Rockefeller the following: "Mr. Rockefeller was unflinching in his praise of Secretary Taft and Charles E. Hughes, governor of New York. 'Both of them,' he said, 'are deliberate men, safe men.' Secretary Taft, Mr. Rockefeller said, 'is believed to be a man who would do as his conscience dictated, and that he would not be guided by the beliefs and policies of a predecessor. Since Mr. Taft delivered his 'revise-the-tariff-after-election speech' Wall Street does not appear to be greatly distressed by the tariff boom."

Strenuous Fellows.

Those Pennsylvania State House gaffers are certainly strenuous fellows. Having stolen everything they could lay their hands on they are now trying to steal the evidence of their stealings, which has been collected and filed at Harrisburg. These people of Pennsylvania calling themselves Republicans, however, consider all this excusable, or they would not continue to vote to keep the rascals in power.

The difference between a man's hand-shake and the wag of a dog's tail is that the wag is always sincere.

Free Reclining Chair Cars.

The Southern Railway has inaugurated free reclining chair car service between Louisville and Evansville on their fast through trains leaving Louisville at 7:30 a. m. and 5 p. m. daily, and running solid to Evansville, without change. This line also operates free reclining chair cars on night Lexington and Danville to St. Louis, also Pullman Sleeper through from Danville to St. Louis. The Southern Railway is 23 miles the shortest from Louisville to Nashville and forty-three miles the shortest to St. Louis.

One of the remarkable features of childhood is the kind of singing that will put it to sleep.

Williams' Kidney Pills.

Have you neglected your kidneys? Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your kidneys and bladder? Have you pain in loins, side, back groin and bladder? Have you a flabby appearance of the face, especially under the eyes? Too frequent a desire to pass urine? If so, Williams' Kidney Pills will cure you. Sample free. By mail 50 cents. Williams M'F'G. Co., Props., Cleveland, O.

When a woman announces that she puts up cherries with the pits in, the women who take out the pits think to themselves: "How shiftless!"

Neighbors Got Fooled.

"I was literally coughing myself to death, and had become too weak to leave my bed; and neighbors predicted that I would never leave it alive; but they got fooled, for thanks be to God, I was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery. It took just four one dollar bottles to completely cure the cough and restore me to good sound health," writes Mrs. Eva Uncapher, of Grovertown, Stark county, Ind. This king of coughs and cold cures, and healer of throat and lungs is guaranteed by Oberdorfer, the druggist. 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free.

It is pretty hard to get people to think much of a man whose wife insists that she made him what he is.

Williams' Kidney Pills.

Have you neglected your kidneys? Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your kidneys and bladder? Have you pain in the loins, side, back, groins and bladder? Have you a flabby appearance of the face, especially under the eyes? Too frequent desire to pass urine? If so, Williams' Kidney Pills will cure you. Sample free. By mail 50 cents. Sold by Oberdorfer. WILLIAMS M'F'G. Co., Props., Cleveland, O.

Williams' Carbolic Salve With
Arnica And Witch Hazel.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, bruises, Scres, Ulcers, Sait Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, and all skin eruptions. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c by druggists.

WILLIAMS M'F'G. Co., Props., Cleveland, O.

Happy is he who can think of yesterday without regrets and of tomorrow with hope.

A prominent manufacturer, Wm. A. Fortwell, of Lunema, N. C., relates a most remarkable experience. He says: "After taking less than three bottles of Electric Bitters, I feel like one rising from the grave. My trouble is Bright's disease in the diabetes stage. I fully believe Electric Bitters will cure me permanently, for it has already stopped the liver and bladder complications which have troubled me for years." Guaranteed at Oberdorfer's, the druggist. Price only 50 cents.

A lot of men have not yet been able to distinguish between notoriety and fame.

Corn Premium List Ready.

The 64-page, handsomely illustrated premium list of the National Corn Exposition, to be held in the Coliseum, Chicago, October 5 to 19, is now ready for mailing. It contains a full list of the cash prizes, special prizes, full set of rules, description of the prizes for articles or growing corn, the corn kitchen, the exhibit of household articles made from corn, full shipping directions, statement about reduced express rates, directions for selecting a packing corn for the exposition, necessity of applying for entry card, etc., etc. An edition of a quarter of a million is being mailed to farmers direct, and to those who may fail to receive one, a copy will be sent free upon request to Secretary Curt M. Treat, 902 Great Northern Building, Chicago, Ill.

The debt of nature cannot be paid on the installment plan.

Hunting For Trouble.

"I've lived in California 20 years, and am still hunting for trouble in the way of burns, sores, wounds, boils, cuts, sprains, or a case of piles that Bucklen's Arnica Salve won't quickly cure," writes Charles Calters, of Allegheny, Sierra county. No use hunting Mr. Walters, it cures every case. Guaranteed at Oberdorfer's drug store. 25 cents



Help the Horse
No article is more useful about the stable than Mica Axle Grease. Put a little on the spindles before you "hook up"—it will help the horse, and bring the load home quicker.

MICA AXLE GREASE
wears well—better than any other grease. Coats the axle with a hard, smooth surface of powdered mica which reduces friction. Ask the dealer for Mica Axle Grease.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
Incorporated

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We are authorized to announce J. Hal Woodford as a candidate for reelection to the Lower House of the General Assembly, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Pearce Paton as a candidate for County Clerk of Bourbon county, subject to the act on of the Democratic party.

WE MAKE A

SPECIALTY OF

Sharpening Saws,

Lawn Mowers,

Fitting Keys,

Repairing Trunks.

Ammunition of all
kinds always on
hand.

\$1 Watches

WALTER DAVIS

J. H. Current & Co.

New Fordham Bar.

The Famous Jung and Celebrated High Life Beers.

Free Lunch every day. Hot Roast, etc. The best whiskey in the world, including Vanhook, Faymans, Bond & Jillard, Chicken, Cock "J. B. T." and the best of Old Rye Whiskeys. Open day and night. We never sleep.

Frankfort & Cincinnati Ry.

"THE MIDLAND ROUTE."

LOCAL TIME TABLE.

Lv Frankfort at 6.20 am and 2.00 pm
Ar Geo'town 7.12 am and 2.47 pm
Ar at Paris at 7.50 am and 3.25 pm

Lv Paris at 8.30 am and 5.42 pm
Ar at Geo'town 9.04 am and 6.25 pm
Ar at Frankfort 11.25 am and 7.20 pm

Close connection made at Paris with trains to and from Cincinnati, Maysville, Cynthiana, Winchester and Richmond.

Connections made at Georgetown with the Southern Railway.

GEO. B. HARPER,
Pres. and Gen. Supt.
C. W. HAY, G. P. A.

Connors Transfer Co.

PHONE 323.

Hauling and Transfer Business
Promptly Attended To.Moving of Household Goods a
Specialty.

D. D. CONNOR, - - Mgr.

V. BOGAERT. J. E. KNOCKE

VICTOR BOGAERT,

Manufacturing Jeweler and Importer

No. 135 W. Main Street,

Lexington, Kentucky.

Importing House—Brussels, Belgium.

Professional :: Cards.

WM. KENNEY. W. K. DUDLEY.

Drs. Kenney & Dudley,

Office Opp. Fordham Hotel.

OFFICE HOURS 8 to 9:30 a. m.
1:30 to 3 p. m.
7 to 8 p. m.

PHONES 136.

DR. A. H. KELLER,

PRACTICING PHYSICIAN,

Offices in Agricultural Building

Paris, - - - Kentucky.

J. J. WILLIAMS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Room 1 Elks Building.

C. J. BARNES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Room 8, Elks Build'g.

Home Phone 72.

DR. J. T. BROWN,

Office over Oberdorfer's Drug

Store.

Home Phone 258. E. Tenn.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Governor—S. W. Hager.

For Lieut. Governor—South Trmble.

For Attorney-General—J. K. Hendrick.

For Superintendent of Public Instruction—W. O. Wintery.

For Commissioner of Agriculture—J. W. Newman.

For Secretary of State—Hubert Vreeland.

For Auditor—Henry Bosworth.

For Treasurer—Ruby Laffoon.

For Clerk Court of Appeals—John B. Chenault.

For United States Senator—J. C. W. Beckham.

The effect of *Scott's Emulsion* on thin, pale children is magical.

It makes them plump, rosy, active, happy.

It contains Cod Liver Oil, Hypophosphites and Glycerine, to make fat, blood and bone, and so put together that it is easily digested by little folk.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.



William's Carbolic Salve With Arnica and Witch Hazel.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, and all skin eruptions. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c by Druggists.

WILLIAMS' MFG. CO., Props., Cleveland O.

For sale by Oberdorfer.

County Court Days.

Below is a list of County Courts held each month in counties tributary to Paris:

Anderson, Lawrenceburg, 3d Monday.
Bath, Owingsville, 2d Monday.
Bourbon, Paris, 1st Monday.
Boyle, Danville, 3d Monday.
Breathitt, Jackson, 4th Monday.
Clark, Winchester, 4th Monday.
Estill, Irvine, 3d Monday.
Fayette, Lexington, 2d Monday.
Fleming, Flemingsburg, 4th Monday.
Franklin, Frankfort, 1st Monday.
Garrard, Lancaster, 4th Monday.
Grant, Williamstown, 2d Monday.
Harrison, Cynthiana, 4th Monday.
Henry, Newcastle, 1st Monday.
Jesseamine, Nicholasville, 3d Monday.
Lee, Beattyville, 4th Monday.
Lincoln, Stanford, 2d Monday.
Madison, Richmond, 1st Monday.
Mason, Maysville, 2d Monday.
Mercer, Harrodsburg, 1st Monday.
Montgomery, Mt. Sterling, 3d Monday.
Nicholas, Carlisle, 2d Monday.
Oldham, Lagrange, 4th Monday.
Owen, Owenton, 4th Monday.
Plendleton, Falmouth, 1st Monday.
Powell, Stanton, 1st Monday.
Pulaski, Somerset, 3d Monday.
Scott, Georgetown, 3d Monday.
Shelby, Shelbyville, 2d Monday.
Wayne, Monticello, 4th Monday.
Woodford, Versailles, 4th Monday.

What has become of the young man who used to soak his hair in bear's grease and then plaster it against his brow in a semi-circle that reached his eyebrows?

Piles! Piles! Piles!

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure blind, bleeding, ulcerated and itching piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared for piles and itching of the private parts. Every box is guaranteed. Sold by all druggists, by mail for 50c and \$1.00.

Kentucky Fair Dates.

The following are the dates fixed for holding the Kentucky fairs for 1907 as far as reported:

Monticello, September 10—Four days.
Hodgenville, September 10—Three days.
Glasgow, September 11—Four days.
Guthrie, September 15—Three days.
Kentucky State Fair, Louisville, September 16—Six days.
Lexington, September 23—Six days.
Falmouth, September 25—Four days.
Mayfield, October 1—Five days.
Bardwell, October 15—Two days.

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WANTED.**

**Highest
Market
Price!**

Phones 16.

Paris Milling Co.

**Blue Grass Seed
WANTED!
We Furnish New
Sacks Free.**

**Chas. S. Brent & Bro.,
PARIS, KENTUCKY.**

Both 'Phones 14.

BOGNER'S LESSON.

By W. F. Bryan.

Copyrighted, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

Up ahead a twinkling lantern, swung from the running gear of the "governor's" light buggy, marked the way. At the crossroads the light turned sharply to the left, and Ben Bogner skillfully threw his four horse team around the corner, and the pole wagon rattled and bumped along the new pike. Like the children of Israel, Quintard Bros.' colossal circus and mastodon menagerie followed a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. In the night-time the swinging lantern was the pilot, and in the daylight the smoke from Gil Quintard's huge cigar served a similar purpose.

The new road had recently been repaired by the simple process of shoveling the sides into the middle and letting the passing wagons beat it to a level. The heavily loaded wagon lurched from side to side, and Ben stopped humming "No Wedding Bells" and began to curse, not loudly, but fervently, the road committee of Blashford township.

The other wagons, following in close order, fared even worse, for the lighter loading increased the pitching, and presently from the rear of the carryall a woman slipped out and ran ahead to where Bogner was still explaining to himself the tortures he would like to inflict upon the men who had mused up the road.

"Give me a hand, Ben," she called. Bogner, without pulling up, leaned over and held out his hand. The girl grasped it at the wrist, while his fingers closed about her slender arm.

"Up!" She gave a spring and swung into place beside him on the broad seat. "This is the worst this season," she said, with a laugh, as she looked over the road, now gleaming as red as the eastern sky. "None of us could sleep in the wagon, so I slipped out to ride with you."

"Why didn't you go to Tony?" he asked ungraciously. "You'll have that dago knifing me yet."

"Pshaw!" she demurred, with an admiring glance at the huge muscles that showed under the gauze shirt. "You could break Tony in two."

"Mebber?" he assented as he glanced over his shoulder to where Tony Aspirato, their trapezist and wire walker, drove the first seat wagon. Every one worked with the Quintard show. Bogner was the principal rider and did the heavy juggling, to say nothing of a magical act in the concert. Bessie Seeback also did a riding act and worked with Tony in the double trapeze, besides doing a musical act for the concert. In addition, the men had to help raise the tent and drive the wagons on the jumps, while the women performers cooked.

Though he was pleased at the preference Bessie showed for him, Bogner was none the less uneasy. He had no intention of marrying, and he knew that Tony worshiped the ground the girl walked on, but Bessie preferred Ben and was not backward in displaying her choice.

She clung to his arm now as they bumped over the rough road and drank deep fresh morning air. "Isn't it splendid?" she asked as she looked across the green fields to where the red flush of the sky was slowly turning to gold.

"Pretty fair," assented Ben. Down in his heart he loved the long, quiet nights and the slow coming dawn. It was one of the things that held him to a wagon show when he could have traveled with a railroad organization, with a sleeper berth instead of the wagon seat. "Looks like it's going to be a good day."

"Some day I want to come to a place like this and live," she said, with a sigh. "I want to have a nice little farm, with chickens and a horse and all that sort of thing."

"And you'd eat your heart out with lonesomeness," he concluded.

"You're always spoiling things," she said as she drew away as far as the seat would permit. "I never saw a man like you."

"Go to Tony," he urged. "He's got the gift of gab. He can talk as foolish as you can."

"He talks only about himself," she said, with a shrug of the shoulders. Bogner grinned. He knew very well that she would not go. "I wish you had his appreciation of things."

Bogner laughed his slow laugh and handed her his pipe to fill. "I guess one poet is enough with a one ring circus," he said slowly. "Tony's death on poetry."

He struck a match and held it over the bowl, puffing until the white clouds surrounded his head as with a halo. "All the same," he went on, "Tony's a pretty decent chap, and he's dead gone on you. I ain't ever goin' to get married."

"I'm not coaxing you to," she said, with a toss of her head. "I guess I can get along without either you or Tony."

"You don't seem to be able to get along without me," he said, with a chuckle.

The girl glanced at his face for a moment, and then, without a word, she leaped to the ground and when the carryall came past slipped back into that vehicle, disdaining the invitation shouted at her by Tony.

Bogner tried to convince himself that he was glad that she was gone, but somehow the bright dawn grew very gray to him, and he puffed moodily at his pipe. He did not love Bessie. That sort of thing was foolishness, but he did enjoy her companionship in the early morning, and as the days went

by and she came no more he grew morose and dispirited.

Even then he could not diagnose his trouble and dosed himself with a patent nostrum in the belief that his liver was out of order. Bessie was coldly polite when they met at the table or passed each other going in or out of the ring, but that was all. There were no more little chats while the sun climbed up from its bed of night.

The awakening came ten days later. It was Sunday, and after reaching the new show lot and getting the tent up there was nothing to be done but look after the stock until the morning. Some of the men had gone out to look at the town, but most of them were lying in the grass on the shady side of the tent watching the boats slip past in the canal, on the bank of which they were pitched. Bogner felt thirsty and went into the dressing tent to get a drink of water. He was standing beside the pail when he chanced to look through on the other side.

Bessie was coming back from church, and a couple of the town boys were following her in an effort to attract her attention. As she reached the lot one of them stepped forward and caught her about the waist. There were a dozen others sitting by the fence watching the circus people; but they made no effort to help Bessie, and Bogner went bounding forward. Just as he came up the masher succeeded in stealing a kiss, but the next moment he measured his length upon the ground and Bogner stood over him waiting for him to rise.

The other men sprang forward to their townsman's assistance and fell upon Bogner, bearing him to his knees, but not before he had raised the old cry of "Hey, Rubie!" and others of the circus crew had come running around the corner of the tent.

Ten minutes later a dozen badly thrashed youths were stealing from the lot mouthing loud threats of vengeance, and Ben was kneeling beside Bessie, who had fainted in the excitement.

A dash of water brought her around, and she smiled up into the white face bending over her own.

"I'm all right," she whispered. "I was just scared, not hurt."

"I'm hurt," he answered back. "I'm hurt in the heart, Bess. I didn't know it until that young fool tried to kiss you, but then I was wise that I loved you. Can you ever forgive me for being such a brute, dear? You were all so much a part of my life that I didn't know I loved you. Will you forgive me, dear? Will you always ride with me through life?"

"After the way you treated me I don't see how you can expect me to say yes," she said faintly.

"Ladon't," he admitted, with despair. "But I'm going to," she added as Bogner turned away. "I think you've had your lesson."

"I guess I have," declared Ben. "I won't need to have it rubbed in either."

No "Shop Talk" There.

There is one noticeable difference between a lot of divinity students and a group of college men interested in heathen culture," said the gray headed man. "The divinity students seldom talk shop. If you meet three or four men all of whom happen to be studying engineering or law or medicine, the conversation is likely to smack so strongly of the lecture hall that a layman can scarcely follow the drift of the talk. But with divinity students it is different. Very frequently I am brought into contact with small groups of young fellows who are preparing for the ministry, and I find that only on rare occasions do they bore outsiders by lugging in class room topics. This cannot mean that they are not interested in their profession or that they are ashamed to uphold their faith at all times; neither does it necessarily imply greater consideration for the uninitiated public. In fact, I am unable to explain their professional reserve on any grounds; but, whatever the cause, it is a most refreshing reticence."—New York Press.

An Island of Flowers.

The Scilly Islands may very justly be termed flower islands, for a large part of their surface is given up to the cultivation of flowers, and the great majority of their people spend their lives in attending to the plants, from which all the wealth of the islands is drawn. The inhabitants have had other occupations before they settled down to flower growing. At one time they were wreckers, and at a later period they went into a more legitimate business and devoted themselves to the raising of early potatoes. There was money to be made out of them, and the islands prospered until prosperity bore its usual fruit in the shape of competition. The channel islanders took to growing potatoes, and the potato trade of the Scilly Islands was killed. Thereupon the islanders betook themselves to flower growing, giving the greater part of their attention to the narcissi. In St. Mary's alone nearly a quarter of the cultivated area of the island is devoted to flowers.

Too Big a Contract.

The wife of a prominent judge was making arrangements with the colored laundress of the village to take charge of their washing for the summer. Now, the judge was pompous and extremely fat. He tipped the scales at some 300 pounds.

"Missus," said the woman, "I'll do your washing, but I've gwine ter charge you double for your husband's shirts."

"Why, what is your reason for that, Nancy?" questioned the mistress.

"Well," said the laundress, "I don't mind washing fur an ordinary man, but I draws de line on circus tents. I sho' do."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Job Printing

WORK DONE WHEN PROMISED

Good Work Done Cheap;
Cheap Work Done Good!



THE JOB ROOMS OF THE BOURBON NEWS

Are prepared to do the best of
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such as Wedding An-
nouncements, Invitations,
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An expression in STERLING SILVER of graceful simplicity, combined with substantial weight, making the ideal design for the family silver.

PAUL REVERE Silver may be had in anything from a dainty Bon Bon Spoon to a complete Table Service.

You should see our assortment of new pieces in this design; the line is especially complete at this time.

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At our old yard, near L. & N.

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VERY CHEAP!

We do not want to haul it to our new yard.

BOURBON LUMBER CO.

Telephone 122.

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Having Purchased the New Fordham Bar

I will endeavor in the future to conduct a first-class and up-to-date saloon. I will cater especially to the business men of Paris and the farmers of Bourbon County.

Cold Beer always on draught.

Van Hook, Sam Clay, Peacock, Chicken Cook Whiskies and the very Finest Wines and Cigars.

J. S. Godman.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDEN, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

When a man is loser you can't console him by telling him how much you won.

The more people think about the proper thing to do the less apt they are to do it.

BARGAINS IN NECESSITIES.

To reduce our stock of gas stoves we will sell every stove in our house to less than cost during the next 15 days.

PARIS GAS LIGHT CO. Incorporated.

Escaped From Penitentiary.

William Bass, a 20-year man from Louisville, escaped from the State penitentiary Friday night, placing a dummy figure in his cell, getting several hours' start before his disappearance was learned of. He was serving time for burglary and housebreaking and is but 22 years of age.

The law's delays are responsible for a lot of lawlessness.

Cream, Brick and

Switzer Cheese,

Batterton & Doty.

The Richmond Fair.

The most enthusiastic ring at the Richmond Fair last week was for the best lady rider under 16 years of age. After long and spirited contest Miss Mariam Bell, of Bourbon county, who showed great horsemanship, and bids fair to become champion lady rider of the State, wore off the blue, with Miss Annie Mae Walker, of Richmond, second.

Mr. J. M. Hall, of this city, won a number of premiums with his herd of fine Shorthorns at Richmond. The fair was a great success.

A New Record.

A new steamship record between a European port and New York was made by the Cunard line's new giant turbine ship, the Lusitania, which arrived Friday. The Lusitania left Queenstown, the nearest transatlantic port to New York, at 12:10 p. m. Sunday, and arrived at the Sandy Hook lightship at 8:05 a. m. Friday, making the time for the trip five days and fifty-four minutes. While the Lusitania has made a new record for the time a passenger is actually on board ship, she has not beaten the average speed per hour record of the Kaiser Wilhelm II.

Running Water Brings \$15,200.

The finest collection of racers in training that has been offered at public auction in recent years were sold at the dissolution of partnership sale of the famous Newcastle Stable confederacy in the Fasig-Tipton paddocks at Sheepshead Bay, N. Y. The lot, which comprised ten head, included turf stars of the first magnitude, fetched \$54,800. Every horse put up was seeking in great demand, many bidders participating. No offer for less than \$1,000 was even considered on any horse put up. Running Water was the bright particular star of the stable. C. R. Ellison stopped at \$15,000; Tom Welsh then bought her in for an advance of \$100. McCarter was also bought in for his owner for \$3,000, after Dr. H. E. Rowell had gone to \$12,500. Spooner, the star two-year-old of the stable, fetched less than the \$5,500 that he was thought to be worth. Andrew Miller buying him in.

Breathitt Democrats Want McCreary.

Following the announcement by Senator James B. McCreary that he would make a number of speeches in support of the Democratic ticket, a request signed by prominent Democrats in Breathitt county has been made that Senator McCreary speak at Jackson. It is argued that he could do more for the ticket there than any man in the State. It has not yet been determined whether the Senator will be able to comply with this request.

Trolley Line Near Completion.

All the rails for the Frankfort and Versailles traction line have been laid except a gap of less than two miles. This will probably be completed by the end of this week. The wires have been strung most of the distance, and it is expected to run a through car from the capital to Lexington during the first week in October.

Jury Fails to Agree.

The jury in the case of James Chester Savage, aged 13, at Maysville, charged with killing his cousin, William Savage, after deliberating 12 hours, failed to agree and were discharged. Seven stood for acquittal.

Position Taken by M. E. Conference on Temperance.

Amidst deafening applause and without a dissenting vote the Kentucky Methodist Conference at Frankfort Saturday morning adopted the report on temperance as submitted by Col. Geo. W. Bain, the chairman. The report as drafted was adopted with but one amendment, proposed by Rev. T. B. Cook and drafted by Chief Justice E. C. O'Rear, upon the request of the Conference. This amendment was as follows:

"Resolved, That we favor the passage of an act by the next Legislature submitting to a vote of the people of the State an amendment to the Constitution of this State prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors."

The complete temperance report as adopted was as follows:

Intrenched as it is in the stronghold of sin; strengthened as it is by immense wealth and relentless defying as it does all restrictive laws in the interest of good morals, the liquor course is today the greatest tower of human wickedness that lifts itself in the land of churches.

We hail the wonderful achievements made along all moral lines the past year and especially the non-licensed victories throughout Kentucky as cause for great hope and inspiration, yet we realize that while we face a future full of opportunity we enter this future under great obligations to unite in solid compact all good citizens for the complete abolition of this monstrous iniquity. Because this moral issue has assumed a political and legislative aspect does not carry it out of the sphere of such action, therefore.

Be It Resolved, As the church was organized to save society from sins, it is the duty of church members to demand of men seeking offices of public trust an unqualified opposition to the licensed saloon; and since the twigs of Methodism was so bent toward this reform by its great founder, there should be beneath its branches no shelter for cowardice or compromise.

Resolved, We hereby express our approval and endorsement of the position taken by the chief executive for the enforcement of Sunday laws, and many other officials who in cities and towns have defended the Sabbath from this blighting curse of civilization.

Resolved, We recommend the use of unfettered wine in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, as consistent with the character of a total abstinence church.

Resolved, Since the cigarette habit is dulling the brain, weakening the heart, and poisoning the blood of our youth, to an alarming extent, and the use of tobacco in any form, encourages its habit, we hereby request on the part of both preachers and laymen total abstinence from the use of tobacco.

Resolved, That George W. Young and C. K. Dickey be appointed delegates to the coming Anti-Saloon meetings of America and that George W. Bain, G. B. Winslow, Revs. J. R. Deering, W. E. Arnold and J. D. Redd compose the State Committee of said League for the coming year.

GEORGE BAIN, Chairman Committee.

Clay Has No Opposition.

The Republicans of the Legislative District composed of the counties of Montgomery and Menifee met at the court house at Mt. Sterling Saturday to nominate a candidate for Representative.

There was a good attendance and an enthusiastic meeting. After a lengthy meeting Dr. George W. Bowling, of Menifee county, withdrew as a candidate, and as no other name was presented for the nomination, none could be made, and the convention adjourned sine die.

J. Will Clay, of Mt. Sterling, is the Democratic nominee and as a result of the failure of the Republicans to nominate a candidate, he will be elected without opposition. He is a well-known tobacco grower and is a very popular and influential man.

To Vote on Bond Issue.

Mayor Jas. M. O'Brien stated to the Council at the last meeting that time had arrived for notice to voters of an election to be held on Tuesday, Nov. 5, for the purpose of issuing bonds to the amount of \$45,000 for the erection of a public school building, plans and specifications for which have already been drawn and accepted, and the foundation nearly completed. The bonds are to mature commencing Nov. 1, 1908, the first for \$2,500 with interest, and one each year for the same amount with interest each year till paid. The bonds are to bear 5 per cent. interest and are to be met as provided out of the general fund without encountering the uncertainty of a reserve fund. An ordinance was passed calling the election as required by law.

What the School Did for Arthur Woodmansee

WE are proud of his record and that of hundreds of others like him, because they prove that the right kind of a boy or girl will find the Bartlett Commercial College a stepping stone to success.

Read what Arthur Woodmansee says: "When I was at the school you remember my taking the Civil Service Exam. Well, I passed fine and when I was a week out of school, I got the appointment at \$60. Now I am getting \$70 and have a promise for a raise on the 1st. I've got an elegant job in the Naval Bureau of the Navigation Department. Your school deserves the credit for my success."

We want you to realize that the Bartlett Commercial College Cincinnati, Ohio

has years of uninterrupted success behind it. For years it has been producing the kind of Bookkeepers and Stenographers that succeed because they are trained to succeed. That's why its graduates are sought by the best business houses in Cincinnati and elsewhere.

Send for the catalogue, which tells the story of a successful school.

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I have the very finest selection of Boys' and Girls' School Shoes ever brought to Paris, made in all leathers.

Come in and see me before you buy.

Geo. McWilliams,

The Shoe Man.

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Look After Your Turkeys Now

Timely Use of

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Will Save Many Dollars For You.

Don't Forget Either to Use

Clarke's Limberneck and Roupe Remedy.

BOTH MEDICINES WILL PAY YOU TO USE THEM IN YOUR POULTRY.

FOR DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES,

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RUBBER GOODS

And SICK ROOM SUPPLIES

CALL ON US.

Bring us your prescriptions and they will be filled promptly and accurately.

ASK THE DOCTOR.

G. S. Varden & Son,

Prescription Druggists,

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Men's Fall Suits!

We are showing all the latest colors and styles of High Art Suits at \$15 to \$25. These Suits cannot be excelled for fit and tailoring, and we ask you to give us a call. No trouble to show them.

PRICE & CO., CLOTHIERS.....

ROBBING A BANK SAFE

THE EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD TIME
EXPERT CRACKSMAN.

He Was Hired to Do the Job, and He Did It Well, but the Reward Was Not What Had Been Promised by His Unscrupulous Employer.

"One day in the fall of 1874," said an old retired detective, "one of the most finished and successful bank burglars that ever used a drill in this country was walking across Sixth avenue, New York, enjoying his parole and the mel-low sunshine. There were a whole lot of indictments hanging over him, of course, but they didn't worry him any, for he happened to be on pretty fair terms with some of the men attached to the municipal administration at that time. As he swung along he was accosted by a prosperous looking man whom he did not know, although the prosperous looking citizen addressed the burglar by his right name. The crook, finding after some stalling that the man who knew his name wasn't a detective, took him into a cafe and asked him some things.

"In the first place, how did you know me?" he inquired of the stranger. "Well, it appeared that the burglar had been pointed out to the stranger by a detective who was so shady that he afterward did time for surreptitiously extending aid and comfort to the enemy, one of the old time bands of New York crooks.

"All right," said the cracksmen then. "Now, I don't suppose you are seeking my acquaintanceship for the sake of being introduced into society or for the enjoyment of my winning ways. What's your lay?"

"Then the stranger up and told the burglar what his graft was.

"I'm the cashier of a bank a bit up the state," said he to the burglar. "The directors don't know anything about it, but I'm short in my accounts. There's only one way out of it. The bank will have to be robbed by professional cracksmen. That will let me out, and in addition I'll expect to get my rakeoff from the robbery. I want you to rob the bank. You'll find \$35,000 in cash in it on the night you arrange the job. I'll attend to that. Of course I want my bit out of that, \$10,000 at least. I've always heard that you're square in these divisions of plunder, and therefore I'll trust you to hand me my share after you've done the job for putting you on to it."

"This sounds good enough to eat," replied the cracksmen. "Fact is, it's so sweet that it's almost cloying. Now, I've heard your proposition. You give me a couple of days to investigate you, and then we'll talk business."

"They arranged another meeting at the same place a couple of days later, and in the meantime the cracksmen, whose facilities were the best, looked into the job. He found that his man really was the cashier of an up state bank in a town not more than an hour's run from New York. So when the cashier called at the appointed time the burglar was ready to talk business.

"You'll have a hard night's work," said the cashier, "for in order to avert suspicion I'll have to leave the vaults and safes locked tighter'n a drum, as usual. You'll need several assistants."

"That's my end of it," replied the cracksmen. "You just let me handle those little details. Every man to his trade. They don't make 'em so strong that I can't get into 'em."

"Then all of the details were arranged, and the robbery was fixed for a certain night in the following week. The cashier was especially solicitous that he should get his share of the proceeds of the crib cracking. The cracksmen assured him that if there was \$35,000 in the job \$25,000 would be enough for himself and his associates and the cashier would get the rest. On the night fixed the cracksmen and three of his best men went up to the town and pulled off the job. It was a matter of four hours before the gang after overpowering and gagging the watchman got into the main safe. They found it empty. Then they tackled the smaller safes. These, too, were empty. The top notch cracksmen was pretty mad, naturally.

"He had been played for a good thing, and he knew it. The cashier had simply looted the bank himself, and the robbery which he had arranged was to cover up his own trail. There have been Napoleons of finance without number developed from among bank cashiers, but I never heard of a nearer job than that."

"Of course the cracksmen and his pals had nothing for it but to pack their kits and drill back to New York. They weren't, of course, in a position to say anything about how they'd been done. The top notch cracksmen had to read in the afternoon papers the lurid accounts of how the bank had been robbed of cash and securities 'approximating \$100,000 in amount' and grind his teeth and cuss. The bank's failure was announced a few days later.

"The cashier? Oh, within a dozen years he died a beggar on the streets of New York."

First Written Laws.

The first written statutes are comprised in the law of Moses, 1491 B. C. The first Greek laws were systematized by Draco 623 B. C. The laws of Lycurgus were made about 844 B. C. The Roman laws were first compiled by Servius Tullius and amended by the twelve tables in 449 B. C. The pandects of Justinian were compiled in 529. Blackstone's Commentaries were published at Oxford in 1765 and 1769.

Every human soul has the germ of some flowers within, and they would open if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand it.—Mrs. Child.

THE LOVE OF SAND.

Man's Unconscious Harking Back to Primitive Times.

The love of sand is universal, felt by all and at all ages. The child finds in a ready and a plentiful material for giving something of definiteness to the world of his childish imagination, and when experience shall have proved the real world to be less pleasant and not expressible in sand he nevertheless as a grown man tacitly admits the attraction of the old time medium and spends his holidays upon it. No watering place need trouble as to its prosperity if it has a broad forefront of sand.

Probably so general and ingrained a love is only to be accounted for as the result of a sympathetic and unconscious "harking back" to the feel of the life on the dry sandy soils of the east, upon which man first wandered and in which he first delved. He can sit or lie with greater comfort and ease—as he originally sat, without a chair, or lay, without a couch—upon sand than upon any other kind of earth, and upon sand he reverts readily and without fear of convention to primeval barefootedness. Possibly even the charm of the "sanded floor"—in the concrete to our forefathers, the comfort and coziness of cherry inn parlors and kitchens, warm with the ruddy heat of glowing logs, on snowy nights—may also be due to vaguely assertive instinct.

In proof it may be readily concluded that far distant man would not have been long in finding out the advantages of a dry cave as a dwelling place. It would be found most readily in soft, friable rocks. The natural and further easy expansion of the cave to meet growing demands for house room by scraping down of roof and sides would result in a sanded floor. Litter of rude cave living and housekeeping could be more easily swept out with the leafy bough or bunch of sedges acting as the original broom when mixed with sand than without its aid. The savage family which swept its cave out oftenest and most thoroughly would certainly be the healthiest and strongest.—London Spectator.

ST. ANTHONY.

The Temptations of the Father of Monasticism.

What were the temptations of St. Anthony? St. Anthony was one of the earliest names placed on the calendar. He is called the father of monasticism because his life and teachings were really the foundation of the many monkish orders of a mediæval times. He was born in a city of Egypt in 251 A. D. of parents who were both wealthy and pious, and he early decided to give his life up to religious contemplation. He went into the wilderness, taking up his solitary abode in an old ruin on a high hill, where he disciplined himself in austerity. But his devotions were interrupted by a protracted series of sadly irrelevant hallucinations, believed to be sent by the devil to tempt him aside from a holy life. He was visited successively by visions of all the idolatries of the early world, by the princes and potentates of history and their wives and daughters, by Solomon and the queen of Sheba, by the gods and goddesses of Greece and Rome, especially by Diana and Venus, and other interesting characters. According to the legend, his devoutness at last broke the power of the visions, and they leave him forever. He remained twenty years in his lonely ruin, then, yielding to the wishes of other anchorites, went to Memphis and there founded the first monastery, which was little more than a group of cells. After six years of teaching he returned to his desert home and at last died there at the age of 105 years. The French novelist Gustave Flaubert has written an entire volume on "The Temptations of St. Anthony," giving all his visions with most elaborate description. A decidedly brilliant, not to say profane, poem bearing the same title and in the style of the "Ingoldsby Legends" is sometimes included with these "humorous ballads." But Barham did not write it. It was the work of one Tom Sellers, a much inferior scribbler.—Housekeeper.

Ignorant of Legal Terms.

Tarantula Tom—Why did Bill plug the tenderfoot?

Lava Bed Pete—It all come o' Bill's distressin' ignorance o' legal terms.

T. T.—How 'uz that?

L. B. P.—Well, Bill owed the short-horn some money an' was sorter slow about payin'. So the stranger writ him a letter sayin', "I will draw on you at sight." An' Bill thought that meant a gun play, so when he meets up with the stranger he draws first. It was a misunderstanding.—Cleveland Leader.

How Sponges Are Propagated.

There are a great many things which the scientists of today are not able to explain and a great many others over which they have frequent discussions owing to a difference of opinion. The method by which sponges are propagated when left to themselves is one of these mooted scientific questions. Some declare that they are reproduced from true eggs; others are equally positive that they are propagated from buds.

Your Heart.

The heart of man resembles a secret chamber wherein stands, like the block of white unbleached marble set in the studio of a sculptor, a veiled figure. Though the man may not so much as lift the corner of the veil, yet must he forever and in secret work to fashion and to form the figure that lies beneath.

Many a man who thinks he was born to command marries a woman who was born to countermand.

OBESITY A DISEASE.

It Is Not, as a Rule, the Result of Laziness or Gluttony.

It is a mistake and an injustice to many abstemious folk to assume that all fat persons are gluttons or large eaters. Very many excessively corpulent people, especially women, are small eaters, while some of the most doughty trenchermen are gaunt and thin.

It is not the quantity so much as the quality of the food one eats which determines the putting on of flesh. Yet it is not always the kind of food that makes the obese, for some stout people eat very sparingly of sugars and starches, while there are large consumers of sweets who never put on flesh. In such cases it is a question of constitution, often of heredity and not at all, or very little, one of diet.

Another prevalent error in regard to fat people is that they are inert or lazy and never exercise. Of course exercise does increase the processes of nutrition and so leads to the burning up of superfluous fat, but at the same time it causes an increase in the appetite and thus tempts to the consumption of a greater quantity of food. So one thing balances the other, and want of exercise alone is not a very potent cause of obesity. Many very fat persons are, it is true, sluggish, but they have become so since putting on their flesh, for it makes a great difference whether one carries 150 pounds about when one walks or whether it is necessary to propel half as much again or even double the weight. It is a tremendous handicap, and there is small wonder that the lightweights do the most exercising.

Obesity, indeed, is usually a disease and not merely the result of laziness or gluttony. Its cause lies deep down in the animal economy, in among those mysterious chemical changes by which the food we take into the mouth is converted into blood and bones and muscles, skin, hair and brain cells. It can often be warded off by a proper diet and mode of living, especially if taken in hand from the very first and not allowed to get the upper hand, but the tendency to stoutness will generally persist through life and can only be modified, but never removed.

Any treatment for the radical removal of flesh should be carried out under the advice of a physician, as violent measures directed to this end may be productive of terrible harm to the constitution.—Youth's Companion.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The only way some people know is their way.

Hospitality is often nothing more than loneliness.

A secret is never safe after some one knows you have it.

If you are naturally rude it's pretty hard to disguise the fact.

Are you so conceited that you believe people never talk behind your back?

The trouble is some pushers are as liable to push on the wrong side as on the right.

Watch your side issues. Don't give them so much attention as to ruin your main issue, which makes you a living.

Don't be mad if you are interrupted when you are talking. It may have prevented you from saying something foolish.—Acheson Globe.

Why They Got No Mail.

An official of the postoffice department at Washington tells of a new postoffice that was established in a certain small town. A native of the place, the proprietor of a grocery, was installed as postmaster. It was not very long before complaints were filed with the department that no mail was being forwarded from the new office, so an inspector was detailed to investigate the matter. When he called upon the postmaster and asked why no mail had been sent out, the former pointed to a large mail bag hanging up in a corner and said:

"The mail's in that bag. I ain't sent it out yet because the bag ain't no wheres full."

Beit's Generosity.

One of the many persons whom Alfred Beit, the diamond multimillionaire, had befriended repaid him with ingratitude and abuse. Later the ingrate fell on evil times. Though down in the gutter, he still had a little shame left and would not ask Mr. Beit for help. The South African diamond magnate sent for one of the unlucky one's friends and said: "Go and see So-and-so. Ask if he wants any help and give it to him, but don't let him think it is from me. I have had a difference with him, and perhaps it would annoy him."

Politics.

"Mornin', congressman. I—"

"Well, it's old Jim Smith. Jim, how are you? Have a cigar, Jim."

"Thought I'd come around to tell you that I'd moved out of your district, but—"

"Indeed, Mr. Smith."

"You see, I wanted to find out if—"

"Yes, Smith."

"If you could use your influence to—"

"Sorry, my man, but I can't stop. Good morning."—Puck.

She Suspected It.

"Why, Mrs. Parvett, this is unmistakably an old master," said the enthusiastic caller.

"That's just what I told John. I'll send it back to have it repainted and a new frame put on."

Time and Trouble.

Ten minutes would get rid of lots of trouble that it takes hours to tell.—New York Times.

The Farmer's Wife

Is very careful about her churn. She scalds it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it. She knows that if her churn is sour it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach is a churn. In the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are performed processes which are almost exactly like the churning of butter. Is it not apparent then that if this stomach-churn is foul it makes foul all which is put into it?

The evil of a foul stomach is not alone the bad taste in the mouth and the foul breath caused by it, but the corruption of the pure current of blood and the dissemination of disease throughout the body. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the sour and foul stomach sweet. It does for the stomach what the washing and sun bath do for the churn—absolutely removes every tainting or corrupting element. In this way it cures blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings, sores, or open eating ulcers and all humors or diseases arising from bad blood.

If you have bitter, nasty, foul taste in your mouth, coated tongue, foul breath, are weak and easily tired, feel depressed and despondent, have frequent headaches, dizzy attacks, gnawing or distress in stomach, constipated or irregular bowels, sour or bitter risings after eating and poor appetite, these symptoms, or any considerable number of them, indicate that you are suffering from biliousness, torpid or lazy liver with the usual accompanying indigestion, or dyspepsia and their attendant derangements.

The best agents known to medical science for the cure of the above symptoms and conditions, as attested by the writings of leading teachers and practitioners of all the several schools of medical practice, have been skillfully and harmoniously combined in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That this is absolutely true will be readily proven to your satisfaction if you will but mail a postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a free copy of his booklet of extracts from the standard medical authorities, giving the names of all the ingredients entering into his world-famed medicines and showing what the most eminent medical men of the age say of them.

THE SHORT NOSES.

Something to Be Said In Favor of Those Who Wear Them.

"Physiognomists tell us that the big nosed people do the world's work," said a short nosed man the other day, "and they generally add a lot of rubbish about Napoleon's big nose and how he always selected big nosed men to carry out daring undertakings."

"That Napoleon story was invented by some one with a nose like Cyrano de Bergerac, who wanted an excuse for his proboscis and therefore pretended that his nose was but the introduction to a massive, imposing character. It is true that a big nose is sometimes indicative of firmness and determination, but only when it is associated with a strong jaw and long chin. A big nose with a retiring chin is almost idiotic in the expression it gives to the countenance. Every cartoonist knows this. Whenever you see a cartoon of a society dude it shows a long nose and a small chin."

"But, there is something to be said in favor of the short noses. The short nose shows wit, imagination, tact, judgment, discretion. Socrates had a snub nose, and of the lively imaginative writers in almost any language a considerable proportion was short nosed people. Long nosed men may do their share of the world's work, but the short noses write the clever books and the entertaining plays. If Shakespeare had had a nose like the Duke of Wellington, do you ever suppose that he would have written the 'Merry Wives of Windsor'? He might have been a successful theater manager, but would never have become a literary artist.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

POLITICAL SPIES.

They Are Quite Common All Over the Continent of Europe.

On the continent of Europe it is quite a common thing for royal personages to be subjected to espionage, mainly, of course, for political reasons.

In France, Spain, Russia, Germany and Austria the practice obtains. At one time during the reign of Napoleon III, a small army of political spies was engaged in watching royal subjects. In fact, the vigilance of the different parties was so great that there were three or four distinct secret services. The emperor had his; the empress had hers; the government and the republicans respectively had theirs—all employed to watch the other parties and their spies.

Moreover, Bismarck had his spy over the emperor. So that France was over-ridden by spies, the most important, however, being Bismarck's, to whom the war was indeed to a great extent due.

This secret service agent was a German doctor, whose advice the unfortunate emperor even preferred to that of his own court physicians, and thus Bismarck knew even better than Napoleon the real state of the latter's health, which was, of course, a very important factor in the political situation at those times.—Pearson's Weekly.

Absentminded.

Benson—I have a literary friend who so absentminded that when he went to London recently he telegraphed himself ahead to wait for himself at a certain place. Smith—Did the telegram have the desired result? Benson—No; he got it all right, but he had forgotten to sign his name, and not knowing who it was from, he paid no attention to it.—Pearson's Weekly.

At the Matrimonial Agency.

"Madam, I have picked out a charming husband for you. Only I warn you he is a thorough sportsman; fond of automobilism, mountain climbing, bicycling and ballooning."

Applicant (thoughtfully)—Can't you give me something that lasts longer?—Fliegende Blätter.

Two First-Class Saloons.

Cornee 10th and Main and 714 Main Streets.

VANHOOK

Bottled in Bond \$1.00 Per Quart.

Best \$2.00 per Gallon whiskey in the world. This is not rectified whiskey, but

2 Stamp Goods.

Our best barrel goods at \$4 per gallon can't be beat

LION DRAUGHT BEER and BOTTLED BEERS Always Fresh and Cold.

T. F. BRANNON.

Paris, Ky.

Stop and Think

what it cost you to decorate your home, including paper, draperies, etc., then you will put in

ELECTRIC LIGHTS

which are absolutely free from soot or dirt of any kind and will not discolor the most delicate ceiling.

Think of the convenience. Touch a button and you can turn the light on in any part of the house; does away with carrying around lighted matches and the danger of fire.

ELECTRIC LIGHT is just what you need these hot nights. Clear, bright and cool. Try a portable Electric Stand Lamp and you will be inconvenienced.

We can wire your house without inconvenience to you. Consult us today.

PARIS ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.

S. L. ALLEN, - - - Manager.

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE TIME CARD

(In Effect March 17, 1907.)

Arrival and Departure of Trains At and From Paris.

No.	ARRIVES FROM	No.	LEAVES FOR
34	Atlanta, Ga.....	34	Cincinnati, O.....
14	Lexington, Ky.....	60	Maysville, Ky.....
29	Cynthiana, Ky.....	67	Lexington, Ky.....
67	Maysville, Ky.....	10	Maysville, Ky.....
10	Rowland and Richmond..	38	Cincinnati, O.....
38	Lexington, Ky.....	29	Richmond and Rowland..
33	Cincinnati, O.....	13	Lexington, Ky.....
61	Maysville, Ky.....	33	Knoxville, Tenn.....
26	Lexington, Ky.....	62	Maysville, Ky.....
25	Cynthiana, Ky.....	36	Cynthiana, Ky.....
9	Maysville, Ky.....	25	Lexington, Ky.....
12	Lexington, Ky.....	32	Cincinnati, O.....
32	Knoxville, Tenn.....	9	Richmond and Rowland..
28	Rowland and Richmond..	37	Lexington, Ky.....
63	Maysville, Ky.....	28	Cynthiana, Ky.....
37	Cincinnati, O.....	68	Maysville, Ky.....
68	Lexington, Ky.....	11	Lexington, Ky.....
31	Cincinnati, O.....	31	Atlanta, Ga.....

When a man's children run to meet him it is a pretty good sign that he is all right.

The average man is surprised that the world does not stop whirling when he gets into trouble.

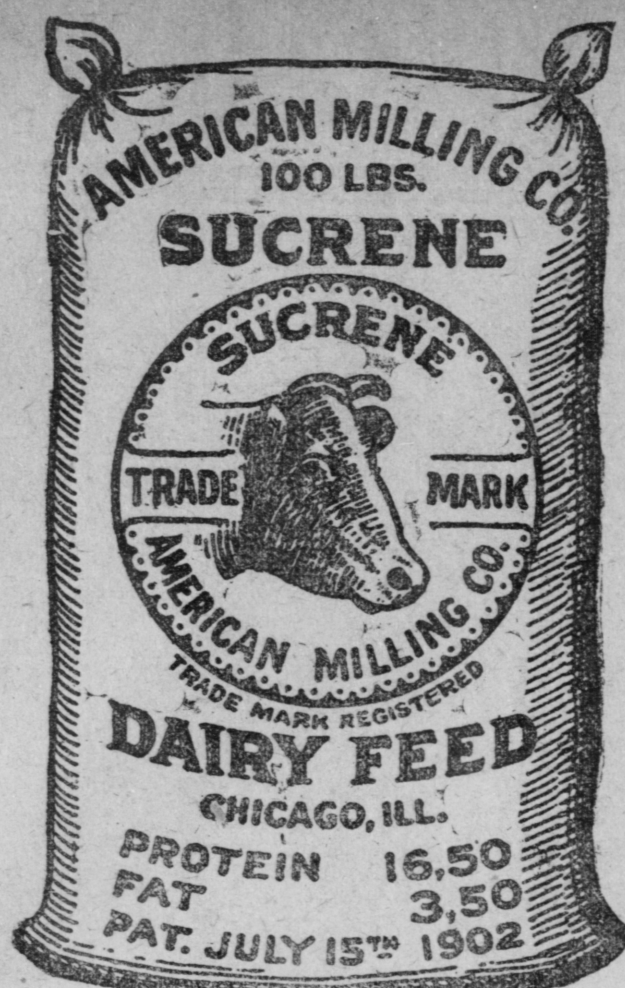
Good luck is like a faultless wife. Somebody else always has it.

Farm For Rent.

My farm of 566 acres near Ewalt's Cross Roads on Paris and Cynthiana pike. Right to seed this fall.

W. E. HIBLER.

732 W. Main, Lexington, Ky.



Sold by W. C. DODSON, Paris, Ky.

NEW GROCERY

NEW STOCK...

I take this method of announcing to my friends that I have just opened a New Grocery at the corner of Eighth and Henderson streets, and to solicit a share of their patronage. I will at all times have a fresh, clean stock of

Staple and Fancy Groceries,
Country Produce, Fresh Vegetables, Fruits, Etc., Etc. . .

Prompt delivery to all parts of the city. Both Phones, 269. Call me up.

A. B. LOVELL

CASSITY BROS.

CHAS. CASSITY.

AARON CASSITY

Main Street, Over Bowling Alley, Paris, Ky.

LADIES' GARMENTS DRY CLEANER

Anything from a pair of gloves to ball or opera gowns and from draperies to oriental rugs, will be made JUST LIKE NEW, cleaned by our exclusive . . .

FRENCH BENZOL PROCESS

We are the ONLY house in the country using the Benzol method for dry cleaning. This exclusive process keeps garments clean three times as long as those cleaned all other processes. Neither odor, shrinkage, fading nor injury to Benzol cleaned fabrics.

The French Benzol Dry Cleaning Co.

Hats Cleaned and Blocked while you wait.

Phone No. 78.

BRUCE HOLLADAY,

UP-TO-DATE GROCER.

Everything New, Fresh
and Clean.

Your Patronage Solicited.

Both 'Phones. Main St., near Fifth.

HUES OF WOOD.

Mahogany When It Is New Is of a Light Color.

Not all the mahogany which we see in use today exhibited as an heirloom is the real antique it is said to be, for heirlooms may be made to order, and even a furniture connoisseur will have difficulty in detecting the difference. Most people think of mahogany as a deep red, while, in fact, when new it is a light color without stain, and when treated with colorless liquids it becomes a golden shade. This darkens with age, and at present all the genuine mahogany which we see must have attained its dark hue through centuries of use. It is about the most expensive of the woods in general use, but Circassian walnut is valued even higher. Birdseye maple is next, a costly material on account of the great difficulty in treating it. Its grain is perhaps the most eccentric of all the various styles, and consequently its working up and its lasting qualities are rather uncertain. The differences in grain make differences in its density and hence its disposition to crack and split. Vernis Martin is a style which was a favorite in the reign of Louis XV., and its popularity has not waned with the years. It takes its name from a famous family named Martin who were noted cabinetmakers in Louis XV.'s reign. This beautiful spattered gold dust decoration, with its paintings by Watteau, is the real Vernis Martin style, unchanged to day.

Oak is at the head of the lists of woods which have varied finishes. Box oak is a brown green shade, caused by long immersion in peat or marsh bogs. Old English oak has a rich brown shade, supposed to be acquired by age and the smoke from fireplaces. Both these styles are, however, successfully imitated by the manufacturers of today. Weathered oak and Flemish oak are both popular finishes, the former representing the color which rain and sun and wind would cause on the oak, and the latter is black, representing the effect caused by centuries of smoke on overheated rafters. Antwerp oak is one of the dark finishes like the others mentioned, but varnish and shellac are used, so that a high polish is the result.

Birch, natural or curly; maple and sycamore are the original wood shellacked and varnished without artificial stain.—Brooklyn Eagle.

RUSSIAN SAYINGS.

He who fears a sparrow will never sow millet.

An unfriended friend is like an uncracked nut.

When you die even your tomb shall be comfortable.

The absentminded man looks for the horse he rides on.

Better to beg than steal, but better to work than beg.

A mother's love will draw up from the depths of the sea.

When the ass bears too light a load he wants to lie down.

He who is on horseback no longer knows his own father.

Man carries his superiority inside, animals theirs outside.

The nobleman is always in the right when the peasant sues.

If the thunder is not loud the peasant forgets to cross himself.

One whip is enough for a good horse, for a bad one not a thousand.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

All For Naught.

All these "international conferences" to remove "causes" of war are futile. Wars arise from conflict of human desires. There will always be wars while desires conflict, until the millennium comes and we are angels. The impelling desire that brings together these universal peace conferences is chiefly social. The dreamers want a chance to tell their dreams to other dreamers. Men who find happiness in "prominence" want more prominence. So they gather and shake hands and make speeches and tell how happy the world will be when dreams come true.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

DO IT TO-DAY!!



"And to think that ten months ago I looked like this! I owe it to German Syrup."

The time-worn injunction, "Never put off 'til to-morrow what you can do to-day," is now generally presented in this form: "Do it to-day!" That is the terse advice we want to give you about that hacking cough or demoralizing cold with which you have been struggling for several days, perhaps weeks. Take some reliable remedy for it TO-DAY—and let that remedy be Dr. Boschee's German Syrup, which has been in use for over thirty-five years. A few doses of it will undoubtedly relieve your cough or cold, and its continued use for a few days will cure you completely. No matter how deep-seated your cough, even if dread consumption has attacked your lungs, German Syrup will surely effect a cure—as it has done before in thousands of apparently hopeless cases of lung trouble. New trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

G. S. VARDEN & SON Paris, Ky.

BLINDED BATS.

They Proved Themselves Independent of the Sense of Sight.

Bats are remarkably independent of the sense of sight. A naturalist describes some experiments demonstrating this fact. Covering the eyes of a bat with wax, he released the creature in a room. It first of all made its way to the door, but instead of striking this hovered a few inches off, slowly making its way along the top edge and down the side, apparently guided by the incoming draft of air. Next a thorough exploration of the room was made, and throughout the examination it never once struck either chairs or table and swerved aside when a stick was placed in its path. As a result of this experiment naturalists believe that bats have an acute perception of atmospheric currents and vibrations resident in the nerves of the wing membranes.

This matter was thoroughly investigated so long ago as 1793, when, by the cruel experiment of blinding the animals, it was shown that they could cross a room across which silken threads were stretched in such a way as to leave just sufficient space for them to pass between with outstretched wings. They not only succeeded in passing the threads without touching them, but they avoided with equal ease the walls and ceiling. Even when the threads were placed still nearer together they managed, by contracting the wings, to pass without contact. Branches of trees were similarly avoided, and when tired they suspended themselves on the walls of the room as easily as if they enjoyed the use of sight.

From this it was inferred that these creatures possess a marvelously delicate sense of touch in the wing membranes. But it is also regarded as probable that this is increased by the expansion of the skin of the external ear and by the development of folds of skin on the nose and muzzle. In some bats, indeed, a perfect rosette of such skin is developed in the latter region, as in the "leaf nosed" bats, and it is supposed that the additional lobe of the ear, known as the "tragus," performs a similar function.—Chicago News.

VITALITY THE MAIN THING.

He Who Has It Falls Through, but the Other Fellow Dies.

Two men undergo operations of the same character in a hospital. The same surgeon does the work. The conditions are identical. Equal care is exercised in each operation, and each is successfully performed. Yet one man recovers; the other dies. Or there is a tremendous business pressure which does not let up for months. It puts the men under a terrible strain. One man goes to pieces, and his business is wrecked. He cannot keep the pace; he loses control of himself. His rival has no better brains than he, perhaps not so good, yet he pulls through successfully. We say that there is a difference in vitality; that one man has more of it than the other.

I once saw a man in a hospital who was suffering from five fatal diseases, and yet he would not die. He had kept on living year after year in spite of everything. He refused to succumb. We find the same thing illustrated every day. In a shipwreck there are men who seem to give up their lives without a struggle, without any power to resist; others cling to an open raft for days without food, almost frozen, constantly whipped by the waves, but for some reason or other they survive. The vitality in them is strong.

Notice how rapidly and surely one man recovers himself after a nervous breakdown while another drags along through years of semi-invalidism. Notice the results upon two men of a long cold drench of rain. One of them comes down with pneumonia; the other suffers no ill effects. How is it to be explained?

He has a reserve somewhere—an inner power of resistance, an aggressive something that will not be downed. We call it vitality. A man can't have a more valuable asset than that. It means joy instead of dumps, success instead of failure, life perhaps instead of death.—Luther H. Gulick, M. D., in World's Work.

The Modern Dinner.

A medical journal complains that the modern dinner has become an extremely depressing affair and that, so far from being a feast of reason and a flow of soul, the conversation is a mere interchange of symptoms, details of operations or the advantages of this or that cure. Such topics evidently are not provocative of remarks that set the table in a roar, nor do they tend to promote the good digestion which should wait on appetite. Indeed, there is little appetite for digestion to wait upon. The daintiest of menus is disregarded when the diners are under a regime, and courses pass untouched, while powders are openly stirred into wineglasses.

Following Directions.

Jones had been quite ill. One day the doctor called and found him in a bathtub.

"Why, man, are you crazy? You must be anxious to die."

"No, I ain't," protested poor Jones, "but didn't you say that your last medicine was to be taken in water?"—London Answers.

By Special Permit.

"Here! What does this mean?" shouted Whooply as he found his youngest riding a broomstick over the top of the piano.

"This is all right. Mamma said if I'd stay in I could play on the piano."

One lie reaches its hand to another.—From the German.

Cupid Tries His Wings.

By Jeannette Wilson.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Jessie Morgan.

In the bachelor apartment on the top floor of the Riverview court Paul Laurison paced restlessly up and down. Occasionally he stopped to look out at the spring landscape and sighed.

"You'll be all right now, my boy," was the doctor's parting shot. "Just take plenty of fresh air. Get up on the roof as often as you can."

"Confound the roof!" muttered Paul, but he took his overcoat and went up.

In the apartment below the bachelors, her eyes red with weeping, Sylvia Randall was washing out a lingerie waist.

"It's mean of Sarah not to come today," she complained, regarding her shriveled fingers ruefully. "She knew I had to have this waist done up. And now I've got to go up on the roof myself and hang the thing out to dry."

But before she went up Sylvia stopped to obliterate the effect of tears and to throw a scarf jauntily over her head.

"I might meet some one," she explained, with a demure little smile at her reflection in the mirror.

A strong wind whistling over the housetops snatched the waist from Sylvia's hands just as she was plunging it to the line and would have carried it over the edge of the roof had not help come unexpectedly.

"Oh, thank you—thank you, so much," exclaimed Sylvia. Then, noticing how good looking her benefactor was, she stopped in confusion.

"You're very welcome, I'm sure," answered Paul, lifting his hat and resuming his constitutional.

"It's—it's my own waist, you see," stammered Sylvia.

Paul turned.

"Is it, indeed?" he replied. "Then I'm doubly glad I rescued it."

"I mean, I laundered it for myself. I don't go out. Sarah didn't come. I didn't think there'd be any one up here."

At this Paul burst into a laugh that even Sylvia in her embarrassment found contagious.

"I see," he said, "you are the queen in the garden, hanging out the clothes."

Sylvia assumed an injured look.

"You know that isn't right," she corrected. "It was the maid who was in the garden."

"Honest, was it?" asked Paul. "I never was much good on poetry. I always thought it was the queen, but I'm delighted to find it is really both."

Without another word Sylvia vanished, leaving Paul transfixed with astonishment.

"How deliciously naive and childlike she is!" he chuckled as he sought a sunny corner in which to stretch his lazy length. Having found one, he smoked a cigarette or two and then fell to scribbling.

What he scribbled remained for Sylvia to discover. This she did the very next morning, for Sarah, the faithless, was still conspicuous by her absence, and there remained a handful of fluffy trifles that had to be laundered. Sylvia went at the task with commendable resignation. The drying stage reached, with careless indifference to appearances she ran up to the roof bareheaded and bare armed. As no one was in sight this time to rescue articles vaguely disposed, each piece was pinned to the line with a firmness that defied whirlwinds.

This accomplished, a scrap of paper flapping in the side of the chimney attracted Sylvia's attention. She pulled it out from between the bricks and read the following:

The man was on the housetop
Seeking recreation.
When suddenly the wind changed,
Bringing variation.

The queen was in the rooftop
Hanging out her gown.
Along came a brisk breeze
And blew the thing down.

With a sniff, Sylvia tucked the paper into her belt. Then she picked up one of the little stones with which the roof was covered and tried to mark with it, but without success. A small sharp pointed stick proved equally futile. Suddenly in a corner she found a burned match. Triumphant she scratched a word across the rhymes and then put them back in the chimney.

Here, an hour or two later, Paul found them. So the queen had not come into the garden again, he argued. It was just as well perhaps. He was about to tear up the nonsense when Sylvia's scrawling letters caught his eye.

"Silly," he spelled, and shouted with amusement.

Then he pocketed the missive, so oddly transformed from the ridiculous to the sublime, and sought his favorite corner. There was no sun shining on it today, and the wind was bleak, but he turned up his coat collar and settled down to a smoke and more scribbles. The latter he soon read aloud:

One bright and sunny morning,
When windy was the weather,
I chanced to meet a young maid,
Sweet as Scottish heather.

I began to compliment,
And she began to cry:
"How-do-you-do and how-do-you-do,
And why do you say goodbye?"

After applauding his own performance Paul got up to deposit the effusion in the friendly chimney crevice. A miniature wash, however, dangling near by suggested other possibilities. Closer inspection revealed a tiny monogram embroidered in the corner of a sobelby handkerchief. There were undoubtedly other girls in the house—girls who might have monogram handkerchiefs—but Paul decided to take the risk. Accordingly he inscribed his rhymes "To S. M." and that he might not be accused of unfairness signed his own initials. He then fastened the jingle with a clothespin to the top of a lace collar. The monogram handkerchief he appropriated.

Later in the afternoon a shower developed unexpectedly, and Sylvia rushed up to the roof. There was no stopping between drops to read nonsense rhymes, so she gathered them in with her washing and hurried downstairs.

"Sillier," was her only comment when she read them in the privacy of her room. Then, the loss of her handkerchief dawning suddenly upon her, she pronounced "P. L." not only a bold, bad poet, but a sneak thief, and for days shunned the roof religiously. Finally, however, curiosity got the better of her, and she ventured to go up just once more and see what would happen. The prospect wasn't promising. The only person in sight was a trained nurse hanging out blankets. "I hope no one is very ill," remarked Sylvia.

"Well, he's pretty sick," replied the nurse. "He took cold staying up here on the roof too long after getting over the grip. We're fearful of pneumonia." Sylvia's heart thumped violently. "I'm so sorry," she said sympathetically. "Is he delirious?"

The nurse looked at her curiously. "No, not exactly. He talks in his sleep sometimes. Are you a friend of Mr. Laurison's?"

"I—I know him slightly," stammered Sylvia. Then, after a moment, she added timidly, "Is Mr. Laurison conscious?"

"Oh, yes; he's conscious."

"Then please give him this," begged Sylvia, extracting a little crumpled paper from a mysterious hiding place. "Don't let him read it till he's better. He'll know who sent it." Then Sylvia made one of her characteristically dramatic exits.

The days that followed stretched solemnly on into weeks. Occasionally Sylvia inquired of the elevator boy how Mr. Laurison was getting on. It seemed an eternity before his lugubrious "About the same, miss," changed to the cheerful "They say he's much better, miss."

No more counsels now with Dame Grundy as to the propriety of trips to the roof. Sylvia went every day—twice a day. She knew that some time she would find him there. When at length she did she almost ran to him for joy, but remembered suddenly that they had met only once before. So she called to him from the distance.

"How do you do, Mr. Laurison?"

Paul started up in his steamer chair and gazed at her in glad surprise.

"Why, how do you do again?" he called cheerily. "Won't you come over and shake hands?"

Sylvia came toward him quickly and extended her little white hand.

"I suppose this is Miss S. R. I have the pleasure of greeting," said Paul, with cordial informality.

"Yes—Sylvia Randall," she answered.

"I like the queen's name," Paul commented, "and wish I could ask her to stay awhile, but I have no throne to offer her."

Without further ceremony Sylvia sat down on the roof and declared herself comfortable.

"I want to thank you, Miss Sylvia," began Paul slowly, "for your message while I was ill. It did me a world of good."

Sylvia looked up at him to see if he was making fun of her, but Paul lay back against the cushions, his eyes apparently closed. From beneath those closed lids, however, he was reveling in the glory of Sylvia's hair and in the color that came and went in her cheeks.

"I wrote it," explained Sylvia humbly, "before I knew you were ill and before I found out that you are a real author."

"And how did you discover that?" inquired Paul.

"In a magazine," answered Sylvia tersely. "It was a good story—much better than your rhymes."

"Well, you see, writing poetry isn't exactly in my line," said Paul, laughing. "I never did it till I met you. But I like it just the same. My two favorite lines are these:

"P. L. was a poet; P. L. was a thief;
P. L. came to my house and stole a handkerchief."

Sylvia hung her head, whether from modesty or amusement Paul couldn't tell.

"The paper they were written on was suspiciously watermarked," he observed. "You didn't really cry, did you?"

"Rain wets things," answered Sylvia laconically. "Besides, what good would it have done to cry? You had my handkerchief."

After this auspicious beginning the chimney postoffice was a wonderfully busy institution, and the old roof woke up all of a sudden to its many romantic possibilities.

"It's truly a garden, isn't it?" whispered Sylvia one night, stealing about in the moonlight with Paul beside her. "The queen's garden," answered Paul, and Sylvia didn't dispute him.

Then after a minute of silence he added: "Hark! I hear some one trying to get over the garden wall."

"Oh, dear! By the fire escape?" gasped Sylvia.

Paul shook his head.

"Listen!" he urged. "You can hear his wings."

"Oh," laughed Sylvia shyly, "I know now!"

"Shall we help him over?" asked Paul, drawing Sylvia gently to him.

"He doesn't seem to need much help," murmured Sylvia so softly that Paul could hardly hear the words.



"Parsifal" at the Paris Grand Monday, Sept. 23.

The first life of the curtain is of darkness, made reverently impressive by the distant call of the watch guards summon to the camp warders—custodians of sleep and safety of the bivouaced Knights of the Holy Grail. With the summon the rising god of day mounts the pathway of the sky and bids the weary knights make haste to reach the Grail Castle's keep, lest lingering in the "foul domain of rankest pagan land," the narcotic seduction of insidious delights swerve them from their holy office and its purpose.

The good king, Titirel, has died, bequeathing to his son, Amfortas, his throne and the Kingly keeping of the Holy Grail—that sacred chalice used at the Last Supper and containing blood-drops from the Savior's side. Amfortas has fallen before the magic wiles of the magician Klingsor, in a moment of over-confidence and like Sampson, loses his strength by the fascination of a woman. The Delilah in his case is Kundry, and dalliance with her has lost him the sacred Spear and brought him a wounded conscience that ever grows more painful as the days go by.

The curtain's second rise gives a glorious picture of Earth's fair beauty at morning-tide; a forest glade in which the shadows flee to the darkest depths; a mountain lake flashing like a burnished mirror; a forest and his laborers on their knees invoking blessings from the Giver of good—a para-

dise, indeed, where man walks with God. Swiftly the clouds gather, emblematic of the evils that beset the lives of men.

The pitiful and appealing figure of Kundry now comes into view, as she flings herself hopelessly on the ground. The helpless agent of Klingsor, the Master of Evil, her better nature seeks to allay the sufferings of Amfortas by bringing a rare balsam from Arabia for his wound.

The band of knights bear the wounded King past her to the lakeside. As the train disappears, a white swan flutters to the ground in its death agony and while attendants of the King mutter words of wrath against such defilement of the precincts of the Holy Grail, a stranger—a mere youth appears. Reproaches are showered upon him for his cruelty. The youth is Parsifal, son of the warrior King Grambret, and born after his father had died in battle, his mother carried him off to the depths of a forest and reared him in utter solitude and ignorance, lest he also should become a knight and be taken from her. Pain and pity and the end of things are alike unknown to him. But, as he views the death struggles of the swan, pity for the first time seizes him and he breaks the bow by which he committed the deed. Here we have a glimpse at the birth in the human heart of a sympathy and compassion for other animal life and its sufferings, a recognition of our responsibility for our treatment of every one of God's creatures.

In his lonely forest, Parsifal had espied a company of knights in glowing armor pass by and forgetful of his mother, he blindly followed them, moved by his blood that could not be exercised by his life of solitude in the wilderness. His wanderings have brought him to the mount of the Holy Grail, where for the first time he hears tidings of his mother. Kundry imparts the news that his mother is dead. Stunned and overwhelmed by this fresh revelation of the mysteries of life and death and of the impotence of human power and knowledge to combat or explain them, he swoons away. He is revived and assisted to the temple, where the wounded King and his Knights have gathered to unveil the Holy Grail. Enthralled by the solemn spectacle, the youth fails to comprehend its meaning. The guardian of the life-giving chalice, one Gurnemanz, who had vainly hoped that Parsifal might be the one destined to cure the King, now speaks scornfully to him and thrusts him ignominiously from the sacred edifice.

And so he passed out into the world, ignorant but innocent, to be buffeted and tried in the fiery ordeal until emerging triumphant from the conflict, he bears aloft the Sacred Spear, re-won by a life of purity and self-sacrifice, this immortal weapon is yet to prove that the despised youth is the Deliverer who was looked for, the only hope of the stricken King.

The third life of the curtain reveals a chamber, in the shadows of which the Master of Evil (Klingsor) is

commanding Kundry to ensnare the youthful Parsifal. With rebellious shrieks she attempts to free herself from his power, but the sorcerer's art prevails and she is hounded to the task.

Parsifal approaches the abode of the wicked one and quickly routs the sentry who oppose him. Immediately a vision of enchanting beauty surrounds him. In the midst of a garden of bewitching charm, he stands fascinated. The rarest flowers, exquisite perfumes, sparkling fountains, graceful statuary, lovely maidens and a thousand other objects to gratify the senses and lull him into false security are there. But, faithful to his knightly quest, he withstands them all. Then he hears someone calling him by name, in tones that stir in him a thrill he has never felt before. He follows the enchanting sound to their source and finds Kundry. But not the weak, trembling and forbidden Kundry he had met a short time before. The grace and winsomeness of fair, sweet girlhood is in her every look and movement. Innocence too, beams from her eyes and is confirmed in the artless words that fall from her virgin lips. As she tells him of his dead mother, whose eyes have been closed by the taper fingers now employed to emphasize her words, his heart goes out to her in gratitude and in holy affection. Then she kisses him. Instantly the image of the wounded Amfortas rushes to his memory, and all the agony the king had suffered, because he had fallen before just such a test as this, smites Parsifal with an overwhelming awe and sym-

pathy. Surging through his soul, with the mighty force of an incoming tide, is born the determination to resist until death, and Kundry seeing in his eyes the light of triumph, shrieks aloud to defeat and agony.

Rushing to the ramparts near the spot, the evil Klingsor raises the Sacred Spear, of which he had despoiled Amfortas, and casts it venomously at the pure heart of Parsifal. The fearless youth thrusts his hand aloft and, catching it in its flight, makes with its gleaming point the sign of the cross. In a moment everything around the victor is changed. The beautiful, romping girls, and the surpassing Kundry also, lie prone on the barren earth, ugly, spent and withered. The Master of Evil has fled. His castle is in ruins.

Having thus overcome sin in its most enticing form and firmly grasping the Sacred Spear with knightly confidence the Deliverer leaves the scene to make further conquests. Not yet must he go back to touch and heal the wound of the King, not yet must he account himself worthy to be the Prince and Keeper of the Holy Grail, not yet must he assume command of pure and noble Knights who protect the priceless chalice. He must first learn the bitterness, the fainting, the intense weariness, the loneliness, the longing, the patience, the discipline and the unflinching courage of a tried and veteran soldier in the ranks. The years at length have wrought their works of testing and preparation. On a Good Friday morn-

ing, Parsifal in somber armor rides up the heights to the palace of the Suffering King. The latter is in the extremity of despair. No one at first recognizes in the battle-visaged knight the simple youth who had been flouted and scorned years before.

For many a day the Grail had remained uncovered. The Knights have lost their enthusiasm and the King his hope. But on this Good Friday, the broken and wasted King has resolved to remove the veil and be in truth the Grail King. In stately procession the knights conduct their king to the sanctuary. Hopelessness pervades the atmosphere, as the cries of the tortured King ring through the holy place.

Parsifal enters, with a touch of the Sacred Spear the King is made whole. And lo, as he lifts the crystal Grail on high, it glows with the light and radiance of old, shedding its benign rays in every heart and kindling the fire of youth in every soul. Then an exulting eyes behold the shining face of him who has fought the good fight, kept the faith, and his heart is filled with a great joy, as a pure, white dove descends and rests upon his head.

Blessed emblem of Purity, Peace and Safety! Crowned by God's favor and secure in His strength, the Deliverer may now confidently become the Prince of the Holy Grail. And so all who gaze upon him, take courage, and lifting up their crosses go forth to conquer, with the trumpet sound of the promise in their ears, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things."

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Buyers choice of Boys' Shoes, made of extra fine Patent Colt, Gun Metal Calf and Box Calf, made on all the new lasts, all style toe shapes. Worth \$2.50 and \$3.